

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bettow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare conceunings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiight of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellows,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This

Prince

This man shall set me packing,
He lugges the guts into the neigh
Mother good night indeed, this
Is now most still, most secret, and
Who was in life a most foolish p
Come sir, to draw toward an end
Good night mother.

*Enter King, and Queene
and Gyldesten*

King. There's matter in these
You must translate, tis fit we vnd
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue

King What *Gertrad*, how do

Ger. Mad as the sea and win
Which is the mightier in his law
Behind the Arras hearing some t
Whips out his Rapier, cryeis a Ra
And in this brainish apprehensio
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene so with vs had we l
His liberty is full of threatens to a
To you your selfe, to vs, to euer
Alas, how shall this bloody deed
It will be layd to vs, whose prou
Should haue kept short, restraining
This mad young man; but so mu
We would not vnderstand what
But like the owner of a foule dise
To keepe it from diuulging, let i
Euen on the pith of life: where i

Ger. To draw apart the bo
Ore whom, his very madnesse lik
Among a minerall of mettals ba
Shows it selfe pure, a weepes fo

King. Gertrad, com away.